Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere ycle thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier for a new deuisde curtie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outsweare *Cupid.* Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules:* more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Samson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Arm.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate w

Boy. Most maculate thoughts Maiste

such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well educated inf

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child, most p

Boy. Yt she be made of white and red,

Her faultes will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faultes are bred,

And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which native she doth owe

A dangerous rime maister against the rea

Ar. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the K

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of

three ages since, but I thinke now tis no

were, it would neither serue for the writi

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly w

example my digression by some might

I do loue, that Countrey girle that I t

with the rational hinde *Costard:* she deter

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better lo

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes hea

Boy. And thats great maruaile, loun

Ar. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be pa

Enter *Clowne*, *Constable*, and *W*

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is tha

safe, and you must suffer him to take no

nance, but a must fast three dayes a week

I must keepe her at the Parke, she is a

womand. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray my selfe with blushi

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)